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Swiss (L.) by. L. C. L.

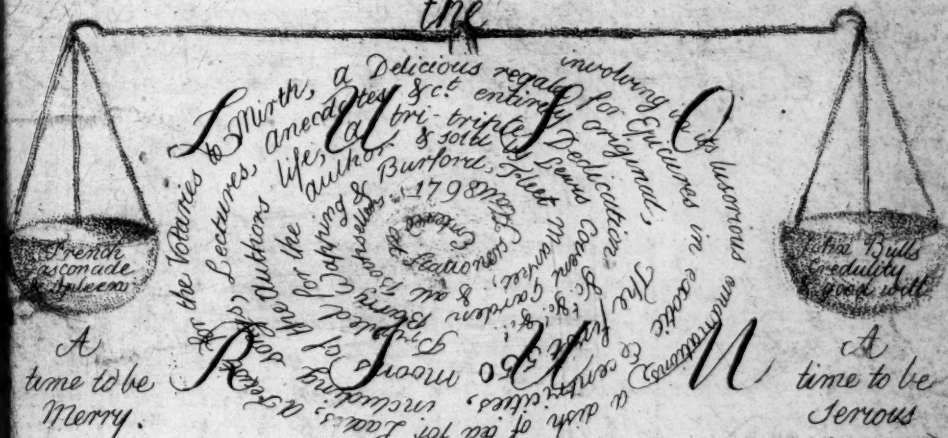
—he is your Idol, put a NB to her words, & act accordingly.

And now my fellow travellers, my laughing, crying, singing, dancing, praying, swearing, loving, fighting companions; whom I thus tumble out of my hammiers, whether with ~~crow~~ed heads, ~~crow~~ed heads, heads, or mere Apologies for heads; after all this—

without the help of a single type of letter press, written nearly as thought, transmitted to copper nearly as written, & sent into the wide world nearly as forlorn as it's Father

We, at last, are Arrived to

the **END** of the



And, being now come to the end, 'tis certainly time to give the Preface, which, of course, should precede the beginning.

As to the Great Question, namely, Does Man Circumstances, or, Circumstances Man?

it must remain as we found it but the great Inference from the excursion is partly locked up in this frame.

To boast the command of rational or divine faculties, or, to set up Reason as the Deity & yet offer incense to Folly, & sacrifices to Hatred & Revenge, thou oughtest O man, to be treated as a child or a Maniac—

As to the title page— it's to be heard of, in the course of the excursion, private in the offered as a tribute of Loyalty & part of the profits in aid of that Order enalated throughout the War.

The Preface

This Work having been written merely to fill up a few leisure hours, & for the amusement of several select friends to the Author. Hence not meant to be published; but, a number of copies having gotten abroad, he from that circumstance is induced to offer it to a generous Public brushing for indulgence & protection.

As a novice in writing, he likewise hopes for Critical indulgence; conscious, that however little his abilities may be as an Author, his motives for writing were of the purest nature.

How finely I tells lies, & they swallows
'um like whipt Syllabuls { Tony Lumpkin in town

The truth is, I L.L. esq. do not care a pin about the public or the Critics, I, as is the lot of many a wiser & better Man, am in want of money, & if I can thus procure some, my object is obtained. — How finely I tells lies again! & how they gulp 'um down again!

The real truth is, I do care, & so does every scribbler, tho' each, has his why & wherefore.

I'm true too I want to be stuck, cut up, & skinned alive, by Pasquim, Pindar, Gifford, or some other notorious Author Butcher, to make me known {that is, my why} & to help the sale of my Work {that is my wherefore} — I'd try to provoke ye to it now, but that I promised ye, my fellow travellers, to admit ye to my Banquet of Mirth after the ladies have had tea — & then Satyrists have at ye.

As to you Reviewers, a word in your ears — closer — ye need not trouble yourselves to read the Works, I have inserted critiques for ye, & cut myself up in your best manner — you can charge your Masters, you know, for doing it, nevertheless. — ha! what? if I'll come down a bottle & bird! why ye spunging sons of a book worm you know I'm as poor as yourselves, & if ye had read my life & seen the drawing of my garret No 35 Cloakenwell close {where I wrote it} ye'd hardly have asked me: — what, then you'll cut me up yourselves: why then you remorseless man tigers, by all that's honorificabilitudinarian, you'll repent it. & till then I desire no more of your company

But to you my fellow travellers, & brethren in disappointments, or fellow labourers in difficulties, George my lawful Monarch to whom as such I bend my knee with the truest loyalty & respect {as to the Guardian of that security, such only Order can maintain} Kien Tong, Achmet, Paul, Francis, Citizens Directors, Buonaparte, Payne, Lackington, Brothers, Stone, Cussons, Huntingdon, Cumberland, Moreton, Reynolds, Cobb, Cross, Lonsdale, Sloper, Dick, Wild, Harris, Lewis, Munden, Zwick, Barrister, Kember, Pitt, Tierny, Fox,



Norfolk, Ghosts of Sam House, Jeff Dunstan, Dr Graham,
the notified Flockton & others, Dubois, Pletcher, Astley, Jones,
Davis &c &c &c &c &c. Mesdames Anspach, Damer, Jordan,
Laura, & other bodyless inhabitants of the present age,
likewise ye, embryo inhabitants of the double refined Golden
Age Anno 1 of universal Reformation, Equalization,
& Fraternization,
I shall have something to
say & ask after having A Dish of Tea { & you have been at
my Feast of Mirth

News of the day — {indistinct
shit chat} — new play — Abs-
ed taxes — {sugar
milk am?} — new fadge — french rafts — Mr Pitt
— cheap living — {more milk
pen sir?} — Pasquin — Juries — Pindar.
— Pillory — Lady T — s sauce has

A parcel Madam — very well John, lay it down.

umh — umh — On reading an Advertisement
of a Work, called the Lusorium, happening to say, I should
like to see it, if there were nothing immodest or but what
a decent Woman might read, — see, a friend has sent it.

— another cup ma'am? — you Sir — then take away
the tea things John.

— And pray who is the Author? Is he old or young?
— is he rich or poor? — Single or married? — tall or short?
— I have, I think, heard he is a mere weather cock
turning now to humour, then to science, then to business,
— promising this & — my dear, you may as well say,
as our friend Smart said, he had better mind other things
than making a tom fool of himself: true my love, so I
say, for if — But Mr & Mrs Sourcrot, you are censuring the
man; what are his private follies to us? censure his book
& welcome, only let us — dear me Mr Candid! you are,
I suppose, one of his friends, as all your scribblers talk of their
friends & patrons & all that — no matter Madam, I own I
know the Man, & know he has had buffetings enough, whatever
his follies may be: why I interrupted you, was, because you seem'd
to know nothing of his publication: I saw it in manuscript as well as
in print, but as I do not wish to expose myself to animadversion by
those who judge & condemn without evidence or defence, I only
say, that however ridiculous the eccentric flights he has taken, may ap-
pear to many, however incompetent he may be to represent truly
the great Scheme of Nature, either picturesquely, or as illustrative
of the object he has in view, or however vain may be his at-
tempts to laugh into some consistency the present perversion
of Reason, now set up as a Deity, not a single word or
Idea throughout the whole work, can be construed into a tenden-
cy either irreligious, immoral, immodest or disloyal. — but,
as I see my company is unpleasant, I shall take my leave, par-
ticularly as I & these two ladies are going to see him, exhi-

bit part of what he has published; and I know 'twill
be our faults if we come away worse tempered than we go
in — so Ladies & Gentlemen your most obedient — yours —

Dear me, Mr Candid was quite in a tiff! — he was in-
deed Mr Sourcrot, — Well I say one fool makes many — yes,
& did ye observe how demure the Miss Placids sat? oh he is
going to be married to one of them — ay & 'tis true, for I heard
it whispered that — indeed! — umm — Well, but has any of ye
seen this Lu-lu — sorry hum, as they call it — I have, but I
think it monstrously insipid, — true Miss Tasty, & very vulgar,
— true Tom Tonish — now I, to speak without prejudice, think
there is one good song in it — Now I hate songs, especially
if they an't very serious — Had it been full of Anecdotes,
I might possibly have liked it better — I think, all together,
'tis a heterogeneous mass of nonsense, you young folk may
like such fooleries, but I say we have too many of them al-
ready — true Mr Classic so I say — & publications as well
as publick entertainments are quite degenerated: right sin;
they should all be serious & improving — I agree with you
Miss Novelia — Ay Miss Gravely but most of them are now
quite childish — clearly so, I can't bear them — nor I —
— They are not better than Bartholemew puppet shews —
Oh I hate them — I detest them too — So do I, serious conver-
sation is better than all —

Bless us! whats that noise in the street about? go
Billy to the front room & see. —

Oh Ma! ma! come here — & Uncle & Cousin Jenny, do
wake haste — here's a Stage in the street, made out of
a Waggon — & here's a dancing bear & a tumbling
monkey & Punch & his wife Joan, fighting in a sentry
box: oh its so funny! — & the Gentles folks at the windows
are throwing money to them, — Oh grand pa — I'll lead you

Let's go { Lounds! you've trod on my toe!
Take care of the child!
Look, here's my muslin apron torn!
Oh I shall see nothing!
You've thrown the child down!
Bring a stool for grand pa

Oh how droll! — how curious! — how entertaining!

So a happy riddance, I want no Sourcrots — hup hollo!
you Critics & Satyrists, you may stay: but go into the back seat, & hark'e,
don't be troublesome — a bottle & birds forsooth! you'll find crouts & bones.
What you cant be silent ha? the execution of this work is not so ele-
gant as Bruces or Stauntons travels & luscious voyaging, or even as com-
mon letter press, or half so legible, — I grant it — but it suited pocket &
conveniency to do it thus — are ye answered? — Well now to make an end
to the ending — or to come to the beginning — or — I hardly know what
— but, we'll talk of that after the entertainment — walk in — keep back
I say, Critics & Satyrists.

Banquet of Euphrosyne,
Feast for the ^{or} Votaries to Mirth;
as exhibited by the Author, either as characteristically dressed,
or with transparent figures, or Tamarini.

Scene, A Room embellished with Loyal emblems,
Fruit & Flower pieces, characteristic Portraits &c.

Introduction,

Ladies & Gentlemen, It is probable tho' some of ye
have been a considerable time in company with these
good looking, ill-looking, & dismal looking Gentry, yet you
may not have formed much acquaintance with them;
hence, as I have forced their Company on ye without the
usual formality of—Mr Sprightly, this is Mr Doleful—
Miss Lively, this is Mr Grievous, & so on—it is certainly needful
that I explain to you who they are, & why I have brought
them hither—But, at present, I must beg ye to be content
with saying they are intended to illustrate, or more tech-
nically speaking, to garnish the dishes of this Banquet.

As to these coloured prints of flowers, fruit, birds, &c they are
emblematical of the different seasons, designed & executed by your
humble Servant; those in particular are painted on glass, be-
ing the first of the kind done in that manner; an art, which he
practises, & which with various others, he occasionally teaches.

—thus I allow is not a very proper way of indicating business
but good nature will excuse little informalities. However,
they are here placed under an Idea besides, of their appearance
aiding the festivity of this Banquet, as well as otherwise
hoping for the countenance of the lovers of Flora & Pomona.
In either case, should the designers ends be an-
swered, he very respectfully says,

will help to make him snug.

And now, permit me to say, or rather partly say & partly
sing, or, at least, what I must beg ye to accept of as such,
a preface, or prelude, or if you please, A Grace before meat.

In every station high or low, — all must to this accord,
The order of the day & night — Has long been, Snug's the word,
For whether easy 'tis or hard — The oar of life to tug,
We all with truly anxious eye — Look out for something snug.

Look-out for something snug.
But now, as usual 'tis, why I — parsonic like, ought next,
Before conclusions can be drawn I'll elucidate my text;

And finally, view — but stay, for I — Such proofs in here could lug,
I would tire ye quite, to hear of half-who seek for something snug,
Who seek for something snug.

And first, behold a lover of good eating, or in one word,
A Gormandizer, having satiated the second edition of a voracious appetite, provoked by soaking slices of bread, in lemon juice or dilute vitriolic acid; scarcely speaking all the time, except perhaps — A glass of port, — Hot not Sir — or the like; but now, he can say, Well neighbour Guttle, wasn't the turtle soup excellent? the turbot capital? the hare a morsel of good stuff? the venison worth riding 50 miles for? & the pheasant what I call a mou-mouthful of good victuals & then to be so few of us,

'Twas gormandizing snug.

That next to him is in the other extreme; one who would cut a hard boiled egg into 8 parts to serve for as many dinners, & make broth of the shell to serve for as many suppers, in order that he every night, without the aid of even a farthing rustlight, may creep to his bags — with —

“let bowels pinch, let cholic gripe, let rags fall off,
He there has something snug.

The next is his contrast, A young, buckish high flying one, who tho' left with a good business, has, by keeping his curricle, his racer, & a little girl in a snug little box a little way out of town, — not a little deranged it. yet there he is straining calculations & putting the doctrine of chances to the torture, how by dashing in this article, & splashing in that — in short, how by striking a dew'lish bold stroke — in just so many months, so many weeks, so many days —

He'll do a thing that's snug.

I have but one or two more portraits to point to, as the others belong to other parts of this lecture, & one, as here, is a lover of good drinking; or a guzzler; or soaker of the enormous kind, whether by swallowing 20 pints of intire, butt between tea & supper; making one of a snug party of three over a 2 guinea bowl of egg punch, with-hic —

Bri-it-hic — one strike — me stiff but I'll hic-I'll have no heel taps, no skylights — Reven-hic venge your glasses-hic, an't filled. I, I say — Fight si-ight and — fill your hic-glass-hic I say — and re-e-cord hic, record yourselves in — a bowl of goo-ood punch is my deligh-hic-ighl, but curse an empty one, I never can pper — art over it — but as it is now out, here goes 5 pound 5 who ta-akes off 5 quarterons of brandy for to inst & without making a-hic-a wry face.

Why in their way & among themselves, & by the bye such gentry ought to be by themselves.

'Tis guzzling deep & snug.

The last I shall now point to, is an ornament to social

mirth, a Convivialist such as a Convivialist should be,
possessed of Good will, Good humour, & Good Manners: or in
one phrase for all, Good Sense: One, willing to please as
well as to be pleased; one, whose praise is never fulsome, &
whose censure never wounds; One, who really subscribes to
that excellent sentiment of "May the pleasures of the night
bear the reflection of the morning" in short, one, who in
his youthful career; always kept the maxim of "Whatever
company you keep, let your attachments be respectable.
I say, having thus secured himself from regretting his past
pleasures, & being respected by those who are beginning their's,
he, as I hope the case is with all here,

To easy free & snug.

And now just suffer me to say, tho' politics as well as Religion
be improper to make free with at all times; for the man who loves
his Country, whether in place or out of place, & to his utmost tries
to serve it, is too sacred a character to ridicule; yet, partly spleen
as here, as well as fanaticism, quackery, & other distortions of
what is laudable & necessary, being free game; I, as freely, do
shoot at them; but still generally, not personally; & therefore
I only exhibit the emblems of both sides; or symbols of the
Ins & outs; & only say, making a jingling with the words,
when Ins are in, they'll keep outs out as long as they care;
but, where Ins are out & Outs are in, 'tis only like the motto
to Wings Almanack, a rotation of the same causes & ef-
fects; that is, the Ins of yesterday, rail at the Ins of to day;
& the outs of to day, are laughed at by the Outs of yesterday;
or, to make a sing song of the matter, thus I add,
When Outs are in, they scarce begin—Their politic campaign,
Or turn about, ere they're turn'd out—And thus the self same strain
Is still in play, while Jokers say—'Tis all a mere humbug,
For Ins who are, like Ins who were—Look out for something snug.
Look out for something snug.

I more could sing, & more could say, But surely there's no need,
I'll therefore end this rambling lay, And for myself thus plead;
If this attempt indulgence gain, Oh I myself shall hug,
And say, in truly cheerful strain, I feel myself quite snug,
I feel myself quite snug.

Court of Comus.

Mr President Comus if you please, will you open the Court?
I will—

But, first, let me sing in jovial strains & Loyal,
For such should be the manner when the theme is Royal,
To the seas of Great Britain, a Speedy dissolution,
But God save the King & our Happy Constitution.

Sym. { By the gaily
clinking glass
while } *Sym.* { God save the
drinking } King.

As you have elected me President Censor as well as President Comus, it is my duty { according to our rules } to remind ye, that every Anecdote here related, or any remark made on what is said or sung, must have a moral, or at least, some commendable tendency in view, as well as a festive one; but avoiding personal-invektive, however we may shoot at the Cap & bells of affectation in particular; or of Folly in general, that we may set the example to Convivialists & prove, that true Conviviality consists in the "Feast of Reason & the Flow of Soul" & consequently rises superior to ribaldry or depravity in any shape.

And now, tho' a poor, haerd at any thing serious, I'll give the Invocation & then, with Thalia on one side, & Cyphrosyne on the other, for a while we'll bid defiance to Care & dullness, & let Good will, Good Humour, & Good Manners, be the Order tripartite of the evening.

Recitative.

Hence loathed melancholly! baneful Spleen!
And discord harsh! far, far from this gay scene!
While I invoke each Joy inspiring Power,
To shed his influence o'er this festive Bower.

Sym. { The wanton god,
who pierces Pleasure's

Ye Powers of generous mirth & Wine - To my Vot'ries here incline,
Who only want & want not long - I enjoy a social glass & song;
Listen, listen to their prayer - Who this night assembled are,
As all they ask is only this - An hour or two of Social Bliss.

Beginning as we do in time, in order to make the most of time,
& as time should ever be kept in view, I'll give ye the

Time Keepers.

The Time Keepers.

sym { a begging we
will go.

What Frank & George I'm glad you're here - I hope Tom won't be late
Tho' that as yet we need not fear - For now it is but eight,
And time 'tis to be jolly.

That we to laugh & joke may haste - And drown dull care in Wine,
I'll take the chair, no time to waste - For now it is quite Nine,
And now lads we'll be jolly.

Oh bravo bravo! jovial boys! - Another toast, & then
We soon shall swim in social joys - Tho' 'tis no more than ten,
And feel ourselves quite jolly.

What George! a going tho' you know - To stay, your word was given,
Pooh pooh sit down, oh shame to go - Why Man 'tis but Eleven,
And we're not long been jolly.

This course steer on & briskly go - Here's neither shoal nor shelves,
'Tis just the time for pleasure's glow - The clock now striking twelve
So let us lads be jolly.

To order for a toast, & pray - See justice to it done,
We must a little longer stay - Now we have staid till one,
So sit down & be jolly.

A good song faith, encore encore! - Gads Tom you're in right cue,
Nay, I'm ne'er in full glee before - The index points to two,
Then time 'tis to be jolly.

This bows quite low, another bring - And soon as it can be,
Then I'll throw off what I ne'er song - Untill the clock strikes three,
And then I'm dew 'lish jolly.

In faith my lads we'll go when we - Have had one bottle more,
For as 'tis now some time past three - We cannot part till four,
So still let us be jolly.

Well trust me Frank if you are not - The heartiest lad alive,
And if I'd but a single groat - why - why you should have
half of it - for I'm none of your stime ~~stume~~ friends, promise
when drunk, but forget when sober - & why should I not be a
friend, when ~~so~~ so many friends here? tho' perhaps I don't deserve
them, but no matter - whoever they are - here's their healths!

But hark! the clock strikes five.

And we'll lads still be jolly.

Now we're quite flush'd where next to go - Suppose my lads we fix,
for if I go home now, I shall have a curtain lecture, & - but
mum for that - I suppose it to be the case with most of us.
See daylight's broke the way to shew - And hark, the clock strikes six.

And have not we been jolly?

Faith 'tis broad day therefore to make - Our best way home is right
And then some sleep each of us take - that is if we'scape curtain
lectures my jolly boys I say, & say for us all.

And meet again at night
And then again be jolly.

Now fill for a toast or sentiment.

When the index points to distress, may friendship
strike to its relief.

Mr. President your touch upon curtain lectures puts me in mind
a real circumstance of the kind; & if we had but some dear crea-
tures of ladies here, it might not be an unacceptable hint to them;
tho' I believe some of the sly rogues are at no great distance, & why
not? why should men partake of any species of Mirth that Women
should not enjoy? some will talk of custom, but I say for the honour
of Women, in the words of Hamlet, "tis a custom more honour'd
in the breach than in the observance. To me, the smile of one la-
dy is more pleasing than the broad laugh of twenty Males;
for their presence throws a radiance over the regions of Mirth.
but now to my tale.

A friend of mine coming home late, or rather early, for 'twas
about 4 o'clock, hoping to find his dearest asleep; but he had
hardly got into the room before he found his mistake, for she gave
the usual text to her lectures with "So you sot you're come home
at last, no matter how I sit moping by myself, & so on — he
said nothing, but writh — he however undressed & got in-
to bed — she then began a regular curtain lecture — he still said no-
thing — but gently hummed *Tol de rol lol lol de rol &c.* finding she
still proceeded, he still said & said nothing but now loudly hummed
tol de rol lol &c. — yet the louder & quicker he sang, the louder &
quicker she lectured — at last he got up, partly dressed himself,
loudly singing *tol de rol lol de &c.* & began taking the curtains
down very deliberately, made a bundle of the whole, and as deli-
berately began opening a window to fling them out, adding
dancing to his *tol de rol* — she seeing all this & fearing the fate of
her curtains jumps out of bed with "what, are you foolish or
mad as well as drunk? — he continuing dancing & singing *tol
de rol*, at last says he I tell you what my dear, (both now ha-
ving hold of the curtains & the window, (& a curious scene
it must have been) I've been along with some good fellows,
& where I assure ladies were present, & from my soul I wish you
had been there to have partaken of the festivity, & go you shall
when you please. Well, there I heard some lectures that pleased
me, & therefore was determined, If I was to be lectured by you, it
should not be a curtain lecture, & so took the curtains down.
as you saw; so now lecture away my love, I'll dance & sing to it.

now, whether through the ridiculous situation they were in,
the compliment he had just paid her, or the oddity of the matter
in the whole tickled her, she let go the bundle, & sung *tol de rol
lol* along with him, so bad they went in good humour, & in
good humour have lived ever since — & as each took blame,
the curtain lectures of course are ceased: since when if either
seems illhumoured, the other sings *tol de rol* & Good Humour is reinstated.

now Mr President for a toast.

Sir, your toast - it rests with you.

Then I give ~~you~~ Friends without Flattery, & Women without
prudery.

Your tale needs no inference from me as Censor, as it carries
its inference with it; & 'tis rather a nice subject to descant on:
for, if bickerings in the married, are not nipped in the bud,
they baffle all remedy afterwards too often. — Sir your song.

Sir Tobey, & cannot help observing, how oddly circumstan-
ces have jumped together; your song Mr President gave rise to
to a story, & that story causes my song; for the subject is Tol de rol.

Tol de rol

sym { a plague of
your nonsense -

ask me for a song? gad you'll soon wish you hadn't.
My voice well as taste having nought but what's bad in't,
Tho' since upon me 'twas your pleasure to call,
Here goes, tho' my theme's only tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol &c.†

To make a fit burden to a song requires art,
Nay, oft of a song 'tis by much the best part,
Toll lal, derry down, & the like, some extol,
But I for my part, prefer tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol &c.†

And while I've a tongue, tol de rol I will use,
E'en just as I please, & as oft as I choose;
For, since I let any one grunt, croak, or squall,
I'm surely some right to sing tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol &c.†

And tho' as a burden it may not inherit,
In any respect, the least shadow of merit;
Yet freely I say, a figs end for ye all,
Since none can draw harm from tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol &c.†

If any think fit tho' against it to chatter,
I thus can reply, making light of the matter;
I've nail'd ye by George, tho' against it ye bawl,
Since most of you 've chorused my tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol &c.†

And if with some comfort you'd pass throughout life,
In spite of false friends, or a lecturing wife;
With me take this method to combat it all,
Good humour'dly laugh & sing tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol &c.†

But still perhaps some will my subject decry,
And say, 'tis rank nonsense, to which I reply;
It's only by way of a prelude was meant. — I am interlude
of Patrick O'Blisteroo. if you
Sir, will favour us, tho' I'm aware
that to specify any thing is informall
you will. ha?

Sir I thank you, & now, hold up hams if content — with my tol de rol &c.†

Fill for a toast — Sir we're all charged.

I give ye Emulation without envy.

Your toast, Sir was short & expressive, not like the toast, Tom, the Pedagogue gave the other evening — True, I must say 'twas a strange one, & his own in two senses; for, no one, I'll be bound, could retain it.

Why had I not known it to have been his customary mode of delivery, I should have thought it designed to jull the company, by displaying the superiority of his knowledge of words — could I repeat it, it would be little amusing, as its merit, if such, was merely in the hard words.

But what has pedantry to do with Mirth? — no more than spleen, politics, business, or aught else that has its proper sphere of action? — Perhaps a Pedagogue would not be well pleased to know that the language of hard words was deem'd only a new kind of slang by a link boy & a pickpocket — you smile at the assertion — but by the same rule, as the linkboys & pickpocket can't would be unintelligible out of its proper circle, so pedantry should be confined.

Well but how was it taken for slang? — Why some years ago, I & a very intimate companion { You remember Ben Bishop, don't you? } Sum Master of Sir J. Cope's school at Lagay, what that old friend? — the same Well, he & I had amused ourselves with gathering the hardest words we could find, & at length had so familiariz'd ourselves to them, so as to utter them fluently.

Coming home one night rather ripe, as the phrase is, we were set at by two or three of the St Giles's breed, & in the language that pass'd, we made use of our hard words; such as, on seeing one of them having but one eye — why you monoculous son of a canine quadruped of gender feminine — you multiloquently loquacious — d — me interrupts another, why my kiddy, you're up to a go beyond us I say — Ay ay says Bishop, we're up to the apex of verbosity — in short without repeating any more of what pass'd, our birds of the night swore, tho' we might be a batch out of the same oven with themselves, we were harder baked & our patter was too deep for them; & if we would but go to a certain hen, they'd give us for nicks, part of an Alderman hung in chains { that is Gentleman } a turkey with sauce, so we would but put them up to a little of our new slang, to queer some of the rum ones; — & so much for the honour of Pedantry: but we lose time — I beg your pardon, just let me relate a dry reply of a fishwoman to the Pedagogue of whom we have been speaking; 'twill still further shew the folly of such affectation, as 'twas little likely such a person could understand such language.

After he had been cheapening this & that, the woman in her way was exphatiating on the cheapness & goodness of her fish, her fair dealing & so on. I tell thee Woman says he, if thou wert less prolix & ambiguous, or wert more laconic & perspicuous, I might deal with you.

Connic & spiccus! says she, why lord bless your dear eyes Master, I have no such fish in my basket & what's more, neither you nor any one ever heard of a fish called connic or spiccus being sold at Billingsgate.

Now Sir your song if you please, or if you will be so obliging
the Interlude? — I will Sir.

Enter as Patrick O'Blusteroo.

Sym. Widow Casey

Arrah come this way ye Taff, & I'll let you taste a morsel of
both ends of this sheldaly, & some of the middle too, & all for the
honour of Saint Pat my namesake & who stood god father to
King Murdoch O'Brien M^c Blusteroo (from whom I've ascended in
a downright strait line) when, good luck to his soul he came over
the salt water to make good Christian catholics of us all, & gave
us a souse in the Lake Killarney, & left his blessing upon every
bit of Shamrock that was to grow ever after — but now let's con-
over my leeson & we that I am to chaunt at our fast upon
Salt fish & parsnips by & by — Oh but I'm a tight lad at a
brencher. — Now let's put myself into a terrible hottitude
for sure wasn't I a great hactor in Pheelim O'Padalouts com-
pany? where I picked up the graces & the manners; & the Stage
being the school of mortality, why there I larrit to improve my
mind — Oh & was soon a great favourite of M^{rs} Pomene & Clio
& the rest of the nine mouses that one Lockington has in his keep-
ing, & out of a compliment to miss Clio, I've altered my dogs name
of Chloe to Clio — & didn't I hact the tip top terrible characters
particularlary some with a great O to their names, such as M^r O'tay-
lor, he that so gently hugg'd his Wife to death with the pillows; &
M^r O'rokonó, & M^r Mac Curry O'lanus the romis General that
got so gently stuck for not knowing his own mind hardly two
days together. — but gentel comedy was my taste; there I was
cock of the walk; there I crowd on my own dunghill sure.

— to be sure & I didn't please the Ladies ^{{help their sweet}
^{black & white eyes} when
even I play'd Capit Macbeth; especially when I sung "O the tree-
I shall suffer &c" — I'll be telling a truck they served me one night
when I came out in that character at Common Garden, I found after-
wards, 'twas that rogue Incedon did it out of jealousy.

As the ladies were coming in, in the towers scene, in order to
shew how much I was master of the Graces & the prince's bow
not a little politely giving half the bow to the Audience & half
to the ladies on the Stage; but I had no sooner taken my
hat off than there was a general laugh: & the more I bow'd
the louder was it; & the ladies on the stage I saw laughing
likewise, as well as some who stood on the side: by my soul
but I couln't tell how I gave such pleasure; to be sure you may
say it wasn't a dry sweat that I was in, so taking my han-
kerchief to wipe my forehead, oh, good luck to my fathers son,
but there was a prettier hubbub than I ever heard at a wake
& then I found the cause of it; which was just as much
as smearing the inside edge of my hat with lampblack &

oh — now Indedon himself, would have been bother'd a
trifle; ay or Lewis himself, tho so much at home on the
boards: but I pack'd up myself as, it were in a small bun-
dle, or, as the saying is, I collected myself, & came for-
ward & having obtain'd silence, putting my hat on, said —
Arrah Gentlemen & Ladies, Pat isn't a little pleas'd to see you
so merry to be sure & it villify's the old proverb of, one fool al-
ways makes many, and as somebody has made me so heifsy
an obstacle to your mirth, & you seem to enjoy it, oh but you
shall have more of it, so you shall: so I goes to the side of the
scene, where Mad.^m Mc Mara & Mc Martyr stood, giggling, who
did potty & Lucy, & snatching hold of them, upon my soul I
hugged them to the front, singing out like guinea pigs, & there
in a capital stile of acting & in the most genteel manner,
tasted their lips, till there was no telling which face was blacked; while
I, in order to still further delight a refin'd english Audience, kept sing-
ing out as elegantly — that's your sort — go it Pat — here's an Idea
agra! — keep moving — the Audience joining in choruses ^{laugh how they} ~~show their taste~~
and the scene so very naturally acted ^{and to be sure these showing a} ~~highwayman, & a gambler in~~
^{he has properly black colour}

so pleas'd, that the rest of the piece went off just like so much water gruel.
Augh, but they never served Pat such another trick.

Finding my jarvis as a singer made enemies on the boards of that
house, I accepted terms from my Countryman Sheridan at the other;
& there Kemble set himself against me — but Pat was not to be had:
for having to hack Sir Harry Wildhair, I procured a pair of ruffles
hanging up to my knuckles, as much like the finest that Mother Jor-
dan ever queen'd the Royal Admirable out of as Mother Maloney
in Field lane could make out of an old bordering of a cravat as
worn by the great Mac Botherum, my mothers sisters great granafa-
ther: well, & what does Kemble do, but just before I went on, docks
one of them most completely, as I was standing with my fists be-
hind me, just as I took my cue, I to be ^{sure} soon saw that one of my fists
wanted a partner in the ruffle way, but it would not do then to
stand cursing & swearing, so I pack'd myself up again into a lit-
tle parcel, & came on the boards with one fist behind me,
then ^{I think I see that rogue Jack} ~~Bannister laughing at me now~~ & manag'd the matter very
neatly by always having one fist behind, after either had borrow'd
a ruffle of the other — Oh to be sure & I was not to be ruffled by be-
ing unruffled — & my countryman was so pleas'd with my bo-
thering their joke, that he presented me with the very self same
immortal ruffles he wore in his immortal excuseing of Hastings.
— Oh to be sure & Kemble at seeing it, turn'd as pale as the chim-
bly back.

After this, meaning to rise superior to their en-
vy, as well as to rise in fame, Mr Hughes of Saddlers Wells, out bid
Hughes at the Circus, as well as Astley, who likewise make a bit
of a match at me, offering me extra, a tester per week to learn

his monkey & the Graces: so to Saddlers Wells I went: & there thro' envy they tried to bother poor Pat — & who should it be by but a taylor! that rogue Smyth's! first giving me cheese for soap when I was in a terrible hurry to change from Pluto to Hy-men

Another time, promising to give me some blackpudding, which he had in his hand, if I'd send for porter; I, ^{was} the spirit of an Irishman, sent for a gallon; & to be sure it wasn't long before the bottom of the gallon pot was clean dry {that rope dancing jockey, Rutch-
swallowd I drink at one pull!}

& now says I, Mr Snip, hand over the puddings; so he did, but I soon found they were only the stage puddings used in the Pan-tomime. there I was done over by the taylor! who was only a cats paw I found in this business; both Rutch & Fling mugging the taylor to do it, fearing, no doubt but I should box both of them however; one shows, really the graces on the tight bit of string, & the other trips neater than Pat pretends to. — but

Another time sure, I had the taylor, when he & that other rogue Garland thought to trap me: for as I was walking down the stage one morning, Garland & Carter & Rutch & others hustled me to the trap, when just as my hoof was going on it, I saw it going down: on which I stepped back, seeing as the trap went down my friend Snip's head below with his catskin cap; however, I had hardly drew back, before down came a pail of water from the loft, as intended for me; but to my great satisfaction the taylor had it all — so to comfort him, says I, as well as I could for laughing — what you are h-a-d ha? I suppose Mr Neptune up aloft seeing you in a darker hell than your own, as well as a dinker, gave you a sluicing both to cool you & wash you.

Oh but Smyth's let Pat alone for the future.

Another time Dubois seeing what applause I got as a turkish soldier; put out his foot just as I made up a capital habitude to go on, to seize Joe Grimaldi & Miss Sims — & threw me sprawling on the stage & breaking my nose, to the great diversion of a police audience there. Oh I tumbled down in a great stile & got up more gracefully than Mother Wybrow, like a goose, spun upon one leg.

After all this, meaning to have a joke to myself, one day at a practice, as a great many were on the stage close together, Managers & all; I from above, threw down a dummy, {a duff'd fig-
{ure of a man} among them: the tip top Manager bit his nails & wisely went away — Tommy Arnold, half liking & half disliking the trick {for he is not of the
{or at least he isn't at all at all} flourished his wam-jee & swore a little While Lonsdale run up stairs like a whirlwind, & I flew like lightning, hid myself behind the thunder, getting Bobby Andrews to leave the sun shine which he was painting, to cover me with a cloud & empty the box of snow over me, in order to escape the hurricane — however, while the storm was performing in the loft by Lonsdale, I walked down like a gentle shower of rain, & was the first to ask Lonsdale if he saw the foolish fellow, who threw down the dummy.

However, finding nothing but spite & malice at my rising
merit, I retired from acting, took a lodging at Wapping & turned coal-
heaver: but subscribed to the private Theatres of the Whitechappellari-
ans, the Barbicanarians & the Tottenham Court roadarians: but even
there, my merit made me enemies: for at the last place, while I in my
best manner, was roaring out, "bring me a bowl of poison," they con-
trived an Alehouse girl should go across the stage, with a pot of beer
& a quartern of gin: — & the audience didn't laugh a little! but I was
an old stager: so I took the pot in one hand, & the quartern mea-
sure in the other, & mixing the contents, drank to the company's
health: they calling out, go it Pat — broth & so I did, for I didn't
take the pot away till the inside was as naked as the out: thus
their joke was a refreshment to me — the only disturbance it oc-
casioned, being by the lady, for whom the gin was sent, knocking the
empty measure about the Managers ears, & the alehouse girl calling
out to be paid, as her master swore he wouldn't trust any of the
Squad. Arrah Pat was let alone there too, after all that.

Augh & they thought to queer me too among the Whitechappellari-
ans. The prompter gave me the comic part of Bannister,
while I was raving as Octavian, which putting me into a real
passion, & which the audience thought was my exerting myself the
more, I in consequence, got the more applause, & in proof of it,
the honour of being called, Mad Pat, or the Spouting Coal heaver.

Now Pat, after all this, who'd wish to be a great hactor on any
Stage, whether manag'd by Kings, Directors, or that jontleman, His
Majesty of the People. 'tis bringing blame & envy & trouble on ones self.
— but since I've retired from public service & stuck to Coalheaving,
no one cares about me; & oh, by my troth, what I lose in fame is
more than made up by ease & quietness — Arrah & well would it
be for the world, if many other great hactors would retire & then
those would be quiet who wish to be quiet — but blither on ooms!
why will I be even talking about it? when, for aught I know, the salt
fish & tatees are ready, so d'ye see, I'm offish —

And now my fellow travellers, what say ye to Pat's advice?
We have seen in our Excursion, the littleness of the greatest designs, both
in the managing & results we have seen too, an exhibition of reformation,
equalization, fraternization & other modern Lusorieties; & we have seen
others setting out with great & perhaps good Ideas, & at last, like us, have
found themselves (if not worse) just where they began. but, as amidst
our vagaries, we've had moralizing enough, & as I find I have not time
to say & ask what I intended & as all need rest, we'll have some chat
another time: tho that like all intentions, depends on circumstances.

As to you who have seen only the ending of the description, if you wish
to know whether 'tis really ended, or whether there really is begin-
ning & proceeding, or not? — you may enquire any time in march
next (this is Feb. 4, 1798) at Lewis's, Bunford Barry's ^{(mentioned} & pages back) & Co.
at any rate Posterity shall not say, Larry Lusius edg. began a book
without ending it, & you, may every one must grant, 'twas prudent
not to begin, or at least to publish one. till one knows it worth one's while.

Part 2nd of the end of the Luforium.
-he's your Idol put a NB to her words, & act accordingly.

-he's your Idol put a NB to her words, & ...
And now my fellow Travellers whether with ^{crowned} heads
~~ed~~ heads or ^{bald} heads, whom I thus tumble out of my
panniers, after all this longitudinal, rectilinear
diagonal, oblique, zigzag, wavy, undulating,
eccentric, & every other kind of motion
without the help of a single type of Letter press, written
in ink or by pen or by machine, & printed by the press
& sent into the wide world nearly as perfect as its fathers,
we are at last arrived to

[illegible]

Great Question

Does
HO-
MO?

Witt
Sense
Humour
Lusonety
Whim
Nonsense
Absurdity

Wit
Sense
Humour

HOMO

Being come to the end of the
book ~~it's certainly time to~~

One folly does so much harm, repeating soon
That he who'd in instructing shine
Must Nonsense with instruction join

I'll ask in the next page how
we like the beginning &c

Mist Nonsense with instruction, join.

NB This Work is offered as 1798 a tribute of Loyalty to the King & the person of the Author & part of the profits of sale, toward national defence & preservation of that **ORDER** inculcated all thro' the Work.

And now, as we've done with this no how kind of a preface, or rather, none at all, I should like to know what you who have read my book think of it; now I've brought ye to the end. * speak freely - I am no egotist - nay I like to be told of my faults - how d'ye like the manner of it? - my new mode of punctuation! 'tis whimsy, is it not - as well as my sending ye hunting for the subject. - my tricks with the oracles, alms, ha? - ay but what think ye of the wonders I exhibit in chymistry - D^r Priestly, now politics - apropos! what do ye think of my touching up the great actors in that line. - ah but what think ye the french directory will say at my discovering their super sublime project? to which, the raft humbug is no more to compare than the hum of a fly to the thunder of all their cannon fired at once, being nothing less than a move to atomize poor old england. * - how d'ye like drawing of it? - mentioning actors, what think ye of my tragedy? & the prologue & epilogue to every act - novel ha? as well as my burlesque of Hamlet: how Mr Harris did laugh at it - what's your opinion of my songs, & of my exulting of them? laughable enough ha? - As Mess^{rs} Cumberland, Moreton, Reynolds, Martinelli, Dick, Croft, Lonsdale & other stage upholders are not here, I'll ask them another time how they like my advice, & my ludicrous dramatic fancies; & another time we'll talk of the curious state of reform & equalization we enjoy'd for a day or two, & how glad we all were to go back to our old state. what a leap into futurity that was, wasn't it? Oh! did ye easily find out the symbolical oddities in it & my anecdotes, did ye observe the point I gave them? - now say, candidly, d'ye think any ever written in such a mode before?

— & so that is what ye think of it, well, I must say, tho' I am still open to conviction, that I do really think the parts you disapprove of, are the best in the whole work. — so, this comes of asking opinions!

And now, to make an end to the beginning - or - to come to the beginning - or - or end of the ending -

Suppose we — — — — — no, stay - as it will be some little time before we come to the beginning - the proper methodical beginning, according to book making law, I'll first give ye who have only seen the end of my journey, a peep at a page of my setting out; & by & by, but I don't promise, a few moments of my life; by which you may judge what an up hill & down hill business you'll have to go through: & observe once for all, it being out of my

power to know now whether or not every one who reads the end has seen the beginning & what follows to the end, I shall just say as it happens, further on or further back, remember this, & don't cavil at trifles, since we've overcome such difficulties.

L L¹ setting out.

As it is not worth beginning a fresh page with it, I'll begin it here, paper is a dear article now, & I write as little as I am: for that reason I write as close as possible, & I suppose sometimes hardly legible; but in this case, as well as thro' life, you must take the bad with the good. 'Tis clear I have tried to make the journey pleasant, but oh discontented mortals as we are, because we cannot have every plaything we see, we cannot enjoy any. — Now, for the sake of a little friendly chat, — what d'ye think I gave a quire for this paper? Dreams I cannot mount to. — My dear L.L. that depends on whether you pay ready money — Sir! that Sir! is Sir, an impertinent remark Sir! Sir! I do not Sir, go on tack, I always pay ready money; brags down Sir, — no grumbling Sir, with me Sir — I asked you Sir, a civil question Sir, & your illiberal jeer was not answering it. — umh — no, nor is this beginning setting out: but thus it is, from a pauper in rags, to a pauper in royal robes, professing civility & what not, & flying into a passion & quarrelling about straws — but I suppose this time twelve months at farthest (this is Feb 1793) we shall be quite civil, quite reformed, & quite every thing; as every body talks of it, if — plague take these ifs, they spoil many a fine doat hatch'd project. — but if I — oh no more ifs — how I am wasting paper! — well nothing shall stop me now.

L L¹ setting out on a Hyper Grand Tour

super mounted in an Alto state.

moderato
 anarara Pools ill — Where I shall be wiser heaven knows.
 if vacation would have done it, I have had enough
 or if wisdom were taught in the School of Adversity I should have learnt it. — Ah lord — but what can we say?
 Gall To those who it Adag. Allego

Largo
 Plato's fancies — his 5 spheres — his soul, his commonwealth — very fine — Cato says — no —
 Grave

